

HE WAS AFRAID TO CROSS A STREET

Lost His Nerve After 12 Months' Agony

Suffering from acute rheumatism in both his knee joints—treated in hospital twice without result—so unwell that he was afraid to cross a street—how readily every rheumatic sufferer will sympathize with this man. Read what he says:

"For 12 months, I suffered pain and misery with acute rheumatism in both my knees. Twice, I was treated in hospital—but it was no use. I could not walk up or downstairs. I was afraid to cross the street, for I had lost all confidence in myself. Fourteen days ago, I started taking Kruschen Salts, and already I am a new man. I can walk with a smart step, go up and downstairs with ease, and cross the street with complete confidence. My rheumatism is getting better every day."—D.L.

In a good many cases, rheumatism cannot resist the action of Kruschen Salts, which dissolve the painful crystals of uric acid—often the cause of those aches and pains—and assist the kidneys to eliminate this poison through the natural channels.

"The Ottawa Spotlight"

By Spectator

Ottawa, Dec. 14th.—The report of Dean Shaw's visit to the markets in the United Kingdom last summer, will probably mark a new milestone in the story of our trade with Britain. Whatever may be the course of our industrial development in the future, Canada is still taking off our hats respectfully to our forests and our mines in the main an agricultural country. In that way our genius lies. We produce more agricultural products than we need domestically, we need markets and the most important agricultural market in the world is the United Kingdom.

But how are we doing in that market? Dean Shaw gives us a booklet of 25 pages in answer to that question, with very sound advice to Canadian producers and to government agencies on how to improve our position in British markets. Shaw says to the producer: send only goods that are suitable to the British market and improve quality, packaging and labelling. To the producer and the government of Canada he says: we need wider and more effective publicity throughout the distributing agencies and among the British consumers. He wants a "publicity campaign" directed to the British housewife.

The report dealing with the history, growth, and present situation of our sales of cattle, bacon, dairy products, fruits, etc., in the British market, is an extremely valuable document. Every farmer in Canada, particularly those directly interested in the export trade should read it.

The president of the C.P.R. has become more urgent in his advocacy of

an operating amalgamation of the two great railway systems of Canada. Only in this way, with its resultant economies in the rail administration and operation, does he see a solution of the great transportation problem that faces the people of Canada. Amalgamation in the way he suggests would not mean the submergence of either system. The present ownership of each system would remain unimpaired.

There is of course no question that there is a real railway problem. The large annual deficit of the Canadian National, which comes out of the pocket of the taxpayer is proof enough of that. The transportation problem is further complicated by competition from the trucks on the highways.

The attempt by the minister of transport last session to introduce legislation which would bring water and highway transport under some sort of regulation corresponding to the regulation under which the railways have been operating did not meet with success. Sir Edward Beatty thinks the opposition was due to a misunderstanding of the object of the proposed legislation, and he hopes some legislation of the sort will be re-introduced. He further believes that amalgamation of the railways is essential and inevitable.

It is for the future to disclose what action if any the government will take in regard to this increasingly urgent demand. There can be little doubt that Beatty has gained a fairly large following in the business community. On the other hand there is no doubt that the suggestion of amalgamation would raise considerable opposition in the west. Whether or not the talk of "monopoly" is a bogey, as suggested by Beatty, who says the government would have its adequate checks and balances through the board of railway commissioners, the cry of "monopoly" would have a great deal of weight in the West. The whole transportation problem is a perennial headache for the administration.

The Government and its Wheat Holdings

One of the problems which has harassed the government for some years has finally vanished. That is, the holdings of wheat accumulated by a former wheat board in its efforts to support a demoralized market. About two years ago the government held about 300 million bushels. With rising prices and a more liberal selling policy the new board which came into office at that time rapidly sold its stocks. The last 7 million bushels was recently disposed of. The government's stocks are not of course to be confused with the country's available surplus of wheat. The amount of this, on account of the small crop of the past season is not large. It is being sold steadily, and from present indications at the end of this crop year on August 1st next, there will be only a normal small carryover of about 30 or 35 million bushels in the country's bins. Decks will be so stripped for action for the marketing of next season's crops, which will naturally bring with them their own problems.



FOR many years Marelu had not been exactly happy on Christmas; somehow she had never received the pretty things bestowed upon other girls. "If they all only knew how I have secretly longed for those soft, dainty long fur coats, thought Marelu, as she sat before the fireplace just three days before Christmas.

"There are those kitchen aprons, for instance, from dear old aunt Lucia. Every year, as far back as I can remember, it has always been aprons. I must have almost a dozen by now. Then there is cousin Marie, who has been sending the inevitable handkerchiefs right along, year after year. There must be quite a collection of them, too."

While she had been grateful and thankful for these kind remembrances, she had not been exactly thrilled. A happy Christmas thought suggested itself to Marelu as she gazed out at the slender icicles shimmering like silver in the moonlight. "I know what I'll do. I'll start right now and wrap up all these things into pretty Christmas parcels and give them to someone who really needs them."

When Christmas day arrived Marelu started out with her basket brimming full of beautifully wrapped and tied Christmas gifts. Every step she took over the holiday carpet of snow represented a kindly thought of cheer.

"Merry Christmas," she cried, as she handed a bright colored parcel to dear old Linda Larsen. "The very same to you," said she, with a questioning look of surprise. The next moment she was proudly unwrapping a pair of pretty bath towels. Marlene and Dolly, two little girls around the corner, danced up and down with joy when they saw the snowy handkerchiefs with colored borders. Marelu smiled happily as she left the little girls and proceeded to her next stop. Effie Lynn was overwhelmed with surprise when a gift was handed her. She explained that it had been years since she had received a Christmas present.

After several other interesting calls Marelu started for home. The street lights flashed on and the glimmering Christmas trees joined in the ceremony on all sides of her. As she drew near her own home she stood still a moment and admired the grandeur of the dark white burden of snow. The variations of colors gleaming from the windows seemed to be stretching out to meet the pines.

Inside the house was warmth and joy and Christmas cheer as the family gathered about the Christmas tree, pointed with the star of Bethlehem. Marelu was just in time for the celebration. Bobby had been chosen to read off the names upon the gifts and all eyes were centered upon the huge basket containing them.

"First on the program," shouted Bobby, "is for mother." "All wondered what it could be.

"A gorgeous lamp shade," cried mother, as she held it up for all to see.

While still admiring this thing of beauty, Bobby shouted louder than ever, "Something for the governor, himself. Get ready, pop, for your surprise."

"What can the strange package be, for goodness sake?" said father, his eyes popping with interest. "Well, I do declare, if it isn't a golf set. Just what I have wanted for a long time," as he started to examine it.

"Oh boy, hold out your hands and catch, Dad, a ducky package for you, all tied with silver cord. What is it? Open it quick!"

Dot removed the bright red tissue and disclosed a white wool skating outfit.

Marelu had been so absorbed in what the others were receiving that she had forgotten all about herself. For the first time in many years she had received the things she really adored. With a heart full of appreciation and joy, she suddenly shouted, "Merry Christmas!"

The others did not quite comprehend the extent of Marelu's enthusiasm, but she, herself, felt, somehow, that this had been the very happiest, merriest Christmas she had ever had.

ERWIN & GOLDHAM'S

Meat Market

Order your Poultry for Christmas while there is a large selection

Fresh Killed Ontario

Turkeys - Geese - Chickens - Ducks

Call in and select your Poultry

SPECIAL PRICES FOR THIS WEEK END

Legs of Pork to Roast	19c lb.
CHOICE Round Steak Roasts	20c lb.
Pork Shoulders	15c lb.
BOSTON BUTTS	18c lb.
CHOICE MINCEMEAT	2 lb. 25c

WATCH OUR WINDOW FOR SPECIAL PRICES

Erwin & Goldham's - Phone 1

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

LEARN YOUR LIGHTING



Careful lighting, low and to one side, gives this "character portrait" its unusual firelight effect.

HAVE you ever tried shooting away a whole roll of film on one subject, not changing its position in the least but merely altering the way the light strikes it?

It may seem foolish and extravagant but it can be one of the most important photographic lessons you ever took.

Try it on this theory: that the objects in a picture have no real interest in themselves but that all the interest is in the way they are lighted—how the light strikes, how shadows are cast. Or, in the words of a great French photographer, that the subject is nothing, the lighting is everything.

Take a photoflood lamp in a reflector and arrange a number of small objects—say some fruit spilling from a bowl—on a white table top. Have enough general room light to give detail in the shadows.

Now set up your camera firmly with the light right beside it, for your first picture. Take another with the light far to the left and high up. Take one with the light directly over the subject. Take one with it behind the subject, shading the bulb so that

no direct light shines into the camera lens.

Try as many positions as the length of the film roll allows. When the pictures are developed and printed the differences will astound you. Study them and you will learn what can be done with light when it is properly used.

If you don't like still life, try a series of portraits, using the same person and the same pose but different angles of lighting. From picture to picture, facial expression will vary astonishingly—dead with flat front light, sinister with the light low and directly in front, startled or even terrified with the light low and to one side, and so on.

The same is true of landscapes. With each hour of the day they change, the deep morning shadows dwindling into noon and growing again into the grandeur of evening.

Light is the photographer's working material, the plastic clay from which he models his pictures. Study it. Learn what lighting can do and apply your knowledge and you will produce pictures of which you will be proud.

John van Guilder

EARLY HISTORY OF HALTON COUNTY

(Continued from Page 4.)

ever, was impracticable as all the cut straw went through the decks, making it impossible to clean the grain. Since the system has been perfected to thresh the grain first then run the straw through a compartment at the rear of the machine, where a cylinder with knives attached cuts the straw.

A machine today will thresh and cut from 50 to 60 loads of grain in ten hours. This requires an engine of 22 horse-power.

In the sixties threshing machines were supposed to have reached perfection. Joseph Brothers of Milton was famous for his horsepowers and separators. A Mr. McDonald of Acton had acted as his agent for years, but started to sell the "Climax," built by McPherson of Piquet, Ontario. A bitter rivalry sprang up between these two men. A match was arranged to take place on the farm of Wm. Moore, lot 13, concession 8, in August 1871. Each machine was to thresh wheat for one hour, speed and clean threshing both to count. Robert Shortreed, John McDougal and others were appointed timekeepers and measurers. The day was fine and an immense crowd assembled. The farm looked like Milton fairgrounds. The Climax man had his first trial. A big Scotsman had been brought from West Elgin, who fed the full hour. The hand cutter, dropper and mow men had been carefully selected, a different gang for each machine. The powers were driven by five teams each, and the very best teams had been secured. The Climax machine did her hour in splendid shape. When time was called the crowd picked up the power and separator as if they were toys and carried them away. Since the sylvan separator and horse-power were put in position and set in a few minutes. John Bailey, Jimmy Downs and George Brownridge divided the hour between them as feeders. Andy Brownridge drove. Five splendid teams had been secured. One of them was Andrew Henderson's team from the mountain. Tom Brownridge's team from Omagh, William Elliott's and Malcolm McPherson's two teams of blacks. Andy Brownridge knew each horse by name. After the cylinder began to hum he cracked his whip once, but after that he caught the lash and kept it down, soothing each horse by name, for fear they would tear the machine to pieces. So much grain was wasted by both machines that the referee called it a draw and the wager was given back.

MAIN STREET GEORGETOWN

Richard Licata

"FRUIT AND VEGETABLE MARKET"

Our stock of NUTS for Christmas is now in. Guaranteed fresh, of this year's stock and absolutely the LOWEST PRICED in town.

Our many customers appreciate the high-grade quality and freshness of our stock of

Fruit and Vegetables

which are always sold at the lowest possible price consistent with quality.

You can prove these facts by coming to

LICATA'S

for YOUR HOLIDAY SUPPLIES

WATCH THIS SPACE OF SPECIALS NEXT WEEK

The Georgetown Cafe

SERVES ONLY THE CHOICEST FOODS

SPECIAL TURKEY DINNER FOR CHRISTMAS 50c

We invite you and your friends to dine with us

BEST SERVICE — REASONABLE PRICES

GEORGE CHONG, Proprietor

Main Street — Next door to Wright's Butcher Shop

GEORGETOWN

"Because every man should have one of his own and not run after his neighbors."

Woodie: "I really don't know what card to play. I'm afraid I've made a fool of myself."

Blanche: "That's all right, I don't see what else you could have done."

The Optimist

Mistress—"Why are you cleaning the inside of the window but not the outside?"

Maids—"Please, miss, so that you can look out, but the people outside can't see in!"

But the crowning answer of all and the one to win the subscription was this: